

The Mirror

OF

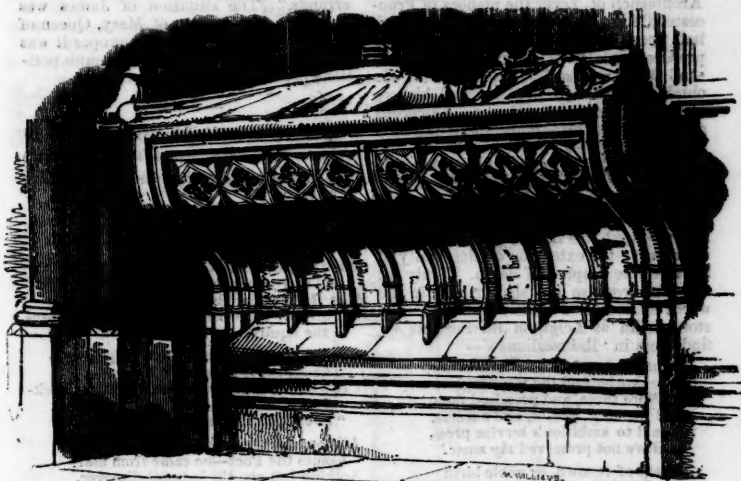
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 14.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1844.

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Original Communications.

ANCIENT MONUMENT.

We submit a representation of a very curious relic of antiquity—the Brackett Monument, as it is called, in Gloucester Cathedral. “Though dead, it speaketh!” If Jacques could find “sermons in stones,” assuredly this might have furnished him with a text pregnant with wholesome lessons against the vanities of life. Here we find a costly sepulchre; enough to indicate that its occupant, if permitted to remain in it, but that he was not obliged to make way for one of Cromwell’s roundheads, is unknown. All the careful and pains-taking Briton can tell us on the subject is this:—

“A singular shelf or bracket monument, sustaining an effigy, generally ascribed to Aldred, Archbishop of York, who died in 1069, is attached to the stone screen on the south side of the choir. According to Leland, Serlo, who died in 1104, was buried under a fair marble tomb on the south side of the presbytery. The

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same author mentions the finding of a bull’s hide, containing a body, supposed to have been that of the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Richard Strongbow. It lay at the head of Edward the Second’s tomb, under an arch, where Malvern, *alias* Parker, made a chantry chapel to be buried in. As Aldred was not interred at Gloucester, and the situation of the monument corresponds with Leland’s description, it may, therefore, be fairly attributed to Abbot Serlo. The monument is strangely described by Mr Gough as a beautiful and singular altar tomb, reaching forward on pillars. The figure resembles that of Osric, and is habited in a long robe or tunic, holding in one hand part of a pastoral staff, and in the other the model of a church, probably in allusion to Serlo’s having refounded the church.”

Of this Serlo we are told, that having previously worn the monastic habit in two or three religious establishments, was probably introduced into England and advanced to this abbacy by William the Conqueror, to whom he was chaplain. He was appointed to that dignity in the

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year 1072, by the new monarch; but such was the state of ruin and decay of the abbey, that on his accession he found only two, or as some say, three adult monks and eight boys in it. By his own good management, however, and the assistance and co-operation of Odo, the cellarer, he very much augmented the possessions of the house, and by the influence of the king, with whom he was in great favour, recovered from Thomas, Archbishop of York, the manors of Froucester Colne, St Alwin, and others, which had been alienated in the time of his predecessor. He likewise obtained a thousand days' release from the church. He obtained from the Conqueror and his two sons, William and Henry, numerous grants, such as firmations, and lands, and privileges, and died in the year 1104.

But, after all, it is not known that this was his last resting place. The vanity which provided himself with an enduring monument, or the gratitude which craved it as required, has failed of accomplishing the object—the extension of the vanity of life into the empire of death. Truly we may apostrophise the sleeper here in the words addressed to a skeleton found in a stone coffin at Leighton Buzzard, as we find them in 'Railroadiana':—

"What if a prelate's vestments fair,
The crozier and the mitre's glare
Were thine, and promised fame!
All learning, genius, and success,
Could to ambition's service press,
Have not preserved *thy name*!
Deeds of renown, or noble birth
Denied thee rest in common earth,
When 'twas thy turn to fall;
A ponderous mass the quarry gave,
Thy head to pillow in the grave,
But what availed it all!
'O, not in silver, not in gold
Inter me, but in kindred mould,'
Of Cyrus was the prayer.
If different were thy costly whim,
What he desired thou shar'st with him,
Despite of foolish care.
The pomp and splendour once thy
boast,
The homage of a menial host,
The crowd's applauding roar,
Saves thee not from the common lot,
The lowest hind unknown can rot,
And thou hast done no more."

PRAYING TO SAINTS.

THE folly of addressing prayers to saints in heaven has been condemned by many divines, and ridiculed by some on the ground that those holy personages being not like the Deity, omniscient, could never know what petitions were made to them, unless they were repeated by the Almighty. On this subject King

James the First expresses great indignation, and says, in reference to some of the prayers addressed to the Virgin, "I reverence the blessed Virgin as the mother of Christ, but I dare not mock her and blaspheme against God by praying her to command and controul her sonne, who is her God and her Saviour; Nor yet doe I think that she hath no other thing to doe in heaven than to hear every idle man's suite, and busy herself in their errands." The situation of James was singular. As the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, he felt deeply how improper it was to attempt to move a son through petitions preferred to his mother!

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

(From the German of Schiller, by Sir E. L. Bulwer.)

"TAKE the world," cried the God from his heaven

To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;

To divide it amongst you 'tis given,

You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,

Old and young have alike their desire;

The Harvest the Husbandman sows,

Through the wood and the chase sweeps

the Squire.

The Merchant his warehouse is locking—

The Abbot is choosing his wine—

Cries the Monarch, the thoroughfares block-

ing,

"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,

Comes the Poet—he came from afar—

Nothing left can the laggard discover,

Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,

For the son who best loves thee alone!"

Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,

As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"

Quoth the God—"canst thou murmur at

ME?

Where wert thou, when the Earth was divi-

ding?"

"I was," said the Poet, "BY THEE!"

"Mine eye by thy glory was captur'd—

Mine ear by thy music of bliss,

Pardon him whom thy world so enraptur'd—

As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God—"Earth is given!

Field, forest, and market, and all!—

What say you to quarters in Heaven?

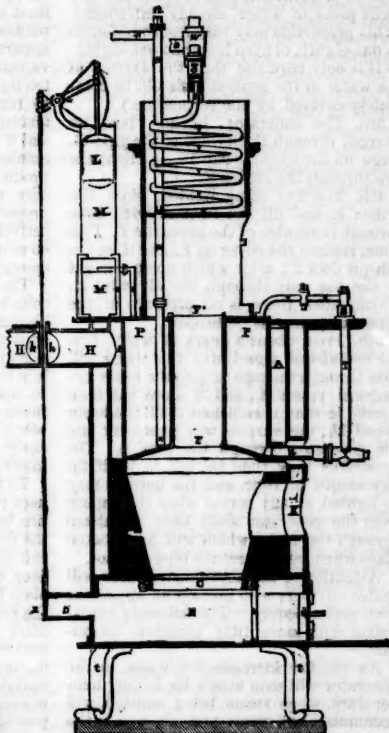
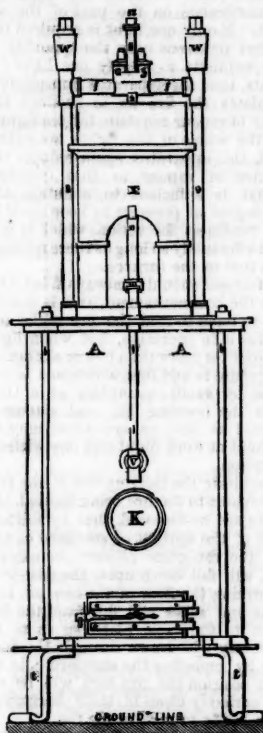
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

The Glorious Cause of Slavery.—Mr Calhoun, a favourite orator among the southrons of the dis-United States, lately said of slavery that he regarded it as a "glorious institution, the corner-stone of a free and democratic government, and that he hoped and prayed it might endure for ever."

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS
REPRESENTING THE PATENT
PELLETAN LIGHT APPARATUS.

- A. Metallic cylinder containing the furnace and generator.
B. Fire brick or clay lining, resting on a cast-iron plate lined with the fire bars.
C. Fire bars.
D. Branch pipe to admit air into the ash pit.
E. Ash pit.
F. Fine through the generator to feed the fire.
G. Valve box communicating with the main pipe.
g. Valve box communicating with the return pipe.
H. Chimney.
K. Fire door.
L. Metallic float.
M. Cylindrical vessel to be kept full of water.
M¹. Cylindrical vessel containing the float L.

- P. Generator.
S. Steam branch pipe, with cock for the gauge T.
T. Glass gauge to show the depth of liquid in the generator.
U. Water branch pipe for the gauge T., and for the purpose of drawing the liquid from the generator.
V. Stop cock for ditto, ditto.
W. Stop cock on the main pipe.
X. Worm tub, or condensor.
Y. Metallic worm in ditto.
a. Pin by which one end of the fire bars is suspended to the fire plate.
b. Four bolts to connect the various parts of the metallic cylinder A.
c. Upright or standard, to support one end of the fire bars.
d. Ash-pit door.
f. Branch pipe to connect the main and return pipes with the condensor.
h. Register valve in the chimney.
h¹. Handle to work ditto.



- l. Lever to connect the float L. with the air valve z.
ur hollow tubes to connect the two cylindrical vessels M. and M¹.
o. Steam pipe to connect the cylindrical vessel M. with the generator.
t. Four feet on which the apparatus is supported.

- w. Stop cock on the return pipe.
- z. Air valve to regulate the admission of air to the fire.
- 4. Pipe to connect the valve boxes G. and g. with the worm Y.
- 8. Main pipe standing on the generator.
- 9. Return pipe. (This pipe goes nearly to the bottom of the generator.)
- 10. Pipe to connect the worm with the generator. (This pipe also goes nearly to the bottom of the generator.)
- 11. Pipe to connect the worm with the chimney, and serving at the same time as a feed pipe for the generator.
- 12. Brass cap to close the orifice of the feed pipe 11.

Having thus described the various parts of the apparatus, the following directions will enable any person to work it:—

1st. Fill the generator P. about half full of water.

2nd. Add spirit of turpentine in the proportion of about one pint of spirit to every eight pints of water already introduced. (This proportion may vary from one-fourth to one-eighth, or even less than one-eighth, as it is only requisite that the surface of the water in the generator should be completely covered by the turpentine.)

3rd. The generator having been so charged through the orifice of the pipe 11, screw on the metallic cap 12, and light the fire through the orifice K.

4th. The fire being lighted, close the orifice K, and fill the furnace with coke through the centre of the generator F. This done, replace the cover on F, and close the ash-pit door d.; after which no air can get to the fire only through the air valve z., which, when there is no pressure in the generator, remains quite open.

5th. Pour about a quart of water into the cylindrical vessel M.; this water will pass through the pipe m. into the lower cylindrical vessel N., and if more has been poured in than is sufficient to fill the lower vessel N., the surplus will pass over into the generator through the pipe o. The apparatus may then be left to itself for any length of time, and the burners may be lighted at any period when the vapour from the generator shall have circulated through the main, which will have taken place whenever the return pipe 9 is hot.

Attention to the above instructions will enable any person to manage an apparatus with perfect safety. The following explanation will more fully elucidate its action:—

As the fire increases the water in the generator will soon attain its boiling temperature, when steam being emitted, will accumulate and create pressure within the generator; this pressure acting freely on the surface of the water contained in the cylindrical vessel M., will force a portion thereof through the connecting pipe m., into the upper cylinder M1., containing the float L.;

this float will rise with the water, and by so rising will lower the air valve z., and will thereby diminish the quantity of air admitted to the fire; the combustion of the fuel will thus become less active, and the evaporation of the water in the generator will consequently be partially checked; if too much checked the pressure will diminish, the float L. will descend, and the admission of air to the fire will be increased; in a very few minutes the oscillation of the float will cease, the pressure in the generator will become perfectly constant, and will so remain for many hours, so great is the precision with which this mode of regulating the fire acts.

By the above simple and efficacious system a regular distribution of vapour is determined without the use of gasometers, or any other voluminous apparatus, and the production of vapour is regulated by the consumption, without requiring the least interference on the part of the attendant. If only one light is required the apparatus produces only the quantity of vapour requisite to supply one light; if ten lights, then the apparatus immediately so regulates the fire as to produce the quantity of vapour requisite for ten lights; and if the whole of the lights are extinguished, the apparatus again reduces the production of vapour to that quantity only that is sufficient to maintain the proper degree of pressure to keep itself in perfect readiness for action, which it will do most effectually so long as there remains enough fuel in the furnace.

The furnace should be always filled with coke at the commencement, as it is desirable not to have to feed the fire while the apparatus is in operation, but when light is required for more than five or six hours, it is requisite to add fuel, which had better be done by small quantities at a time through the opening F.; and attention being paid to this, an apparatus may be easily kept at work night and day without interruption.

To facilitate the clearing out of the furnace previous to the fire being lighted, the fire bars are so disposed, that by shifting the foot of the upright or standard c., the end of the fire grate nearest the ash-pit door d. will fall down upon the cast-iron plate forming the floor of the ash pit, and the coke and ashes will fall from the fire plate on to the same plate, so as to be conveniently withdrawn through the door d., and by replacing the standard c. in its upright position the fire bars will be replaced perfectly clean in their horizontal position, ready to receive the fire.

The cylindrical vessel M. always remains quite full of liquid, and therefore does not require any attention after it has been once filled with water, but this is not the case with the generator, because, as the

water contained therein is evaporated in small quantities daily, it is requisite to examine every day or two the glass gauge T., in order to see that the generator is kept about half full of liquid. Water or turpentine can at any time be poured in at the orifice 12, care being taken, if the lights are burning at the time, to pour the cold liquid slowly in, so as not to diminish the pressure in the generator by condensation.

The cocks V. and s. need only be opened to establish a communication between the glass gauge T. and the generator, when so required to ascertain the height of the liquid in the generator.

Should the apparatus be entirely left alone, the furnace being full of coke, and the lights all extinguished, I have already stated that the pressure would remain regulated, ready for work, so long as there remains fuel in the furnace, and as the pressure cannot possibly be increased, there would not be the slightest danger in so leaving it, as the fire would gradually die away; but the easiest and best way of proceeding, when light is no longer required, is to suspend a small weight to the valve z., so as to close it, in which case, in a very few minutes, the whole of the pressure in the generator will disappear, and the fire will go out for want of air.

The quantity of fuel required under the generator does not appear to amount to more than one-tenth of a farthing per hour per burner.

An Argand burner of one inch in diameter, similar to the four that may be seen alight every evening at the office of the company, No. 248 Regent street, will consume about one quart of spirit of turpentine in twenty-four hours, or about 1½ ounce of spirit per hour; therefore, when turpentine costs 20s. per cwt., the cost of each light per hour is 8-10ths of a farthing; 25s. per cwt., 1 farthing; and 30s. per cwt., 1 farthing and 2-10ths; to which has to be added the cost of the fuel.

I will now show how the circulation of the vapour through the main is determined, and the arrangement by which all the material is returned to the generator without any loss whatever, when the lights are not burning, as, for instance, when an apparatus is placed in a room or hall, for the purpose of occasionally giving heat without light, for which it is equally well adapted.

The valve box G., in communication with the main, contains a small valve, to prevent the vapour from passing directly from the generator to the condenser or worm; the vapour as it is generated is thereby driven into the main, and passes round until it comes under the valve in the box g., which valve being lighter than that in the box G., and so weighted as to open a little under the ordinary pressure

required, allows a constant circulation of vapour to flow into the worm, where it condenses, and returns to the generator in a liquid form through the pipe 10; by this means a constant circulation of vapour is kept up through the whole system.

When the main cock is shut off the vapour can no longer arrive at the valve in the box g., and as the pressure then naturally increases a little, the valve in the box G. serves as a safety valve, and allows the vapour to flow immediately from the generator into the worm, and from thence into the generator again, in a liquid state, the apparatus acting as a common still.

There remains to explain the use of the pipe 11, which connects the worm Y. with the chimney, the object of which is to get rid of atmospheric air or any other permanent gas that may be contained in the apparatus; when the vapour passes through the main it drives before it the atmospheric air with which it was filled when cold, and with that, any liquid that may have lodged itself therein; the liquid, the air, and the vapour, arriving in the pipe 9, separate, the liquid falls by its own gravity into the generator, whereas the vapour and air pass through the valve box g. into the worm, where the vapour condenses and falls into the generator through the pipe 10, but the air, which is also forced into the tube 10, instead of descending into the generator, ascends and passes off through the branch 11, and escapes into the chimney.

Enough has already been said to show the great merit of this invention and the perfect safety of the apparatus, which is so clearly demonstrated by Dr Ryan in his very interesting and instructive course of lectures on artificial light, at the Polytechnic Institution, as to need no further comment; the only question that can arise with regard to the apparatus, is in the event of the generator burning, or becoming by other means perforated at the bottom, and in this case the effect would be that the fire would be immediately extinguished, owing to the great quantity of water contained in the generator, as, for instance, if we take an apparatus containing eight quarts of water and one quart of turpentine, should the bottom of the generator burn, there would be eight quarts of water thrown into a very small fire (that a pint of water would be sufficient to extinguish) before a drop of turpentine could arrive, because turpentine, being lighter than water, naturally would come out last.

Death of Thorwaldsen.—This eminent sculptor is no more. On the 24th of March he went to the theatre; was taken ill while there, went home, and died. He was in his 74th year.

SEFI THE BLOOD-SHEDDER.

THE remarkable story of the tyrant which follows is little known in Europe. Its incidents would seem too wild and dismal for a romance. Adam Olearius gives the following facts as authentic history:—

"Shah Sefi was born in 1615; he succeeded his grandfather, Shah Abbas, who having, on vague suspicion, put his eldest son to death, was most anxious, as far as might be, to expiate the guilt of authorising such a deed, and used extraordinary means to secure the throne to the child of his murdered offspring. With this object in view, when his end approached, till his grandson should be secure, he ordered his own body, after his decease, to be placed in the hall where he had been accustomed to sit; and with his eyes open, his arms were to be artificially moved by attendants, so that it might be supposed he still lived, and was capable of transacting business. This dismal drama, which has been since repeated, is said to have been most carefully performed; and answers to certain questions were supplied by one of his people, Isa Chan, who, with other actors in this strange scene, had been sworn by the late prince to use every means in their power to secure the throne to Sefi. The fraud was successful, and for several weeks the death of Abbas was not generally known.

While the corpse was thus exposed at Ferabath, Seinel Chan was dispatched to Ispahan to announce to Sefi, the grandson, that he was to ascend the throne. His mother was a woman of strong feeling—a Circassian, and when she first heard of the murder of her husband by command of his own father, no fear of consequences to herself, or of reverence for the awful person of the Shah, could restrain her indignation within moderate bounds. On seeing the unnatural parent, she bitterly reproached him, and fiercely attacked him with her fists. This outrage he had the manliness not to resent, but with tears in his eyes declared he had been positively assured that the deceased prince had a design on his life. He added, since the deed could not be recalled, it would be useless to dwell upon it, and his grandson should succeed to all the honours of the father who had been thus unhappily brought to his end. His regret was sincere. He mourned the son his mandate had consigned to the grave in the most extravagant manner. For many days he fasted, and shut himself up in darkness, as one no longer worthy to behold the light of heaven; and when he seemed to revive, those who had prompted the act he deplored, were sacrificed to the manes of the departed. The miserable men were poisoned at a banquet, to which they were invited by the penitent murderer.

All the professions of Abbas did not still a fond mother's alarms. She concealed the young prince as much as possible; could seldom be prevailed upon to bring him to court; and now, when he was invited to ascend the throne, her fears suggested that it was but a new outbreak of the Shah's fury, which demanded another victim. For three days she refused an audience to the messenger; and when at length, moved by urgent representations, she brought the prince forth, she wept over him, and expressed a conviction that he was confided to the hands of murderers; while she breathed a prayer that his spirit might pass to the happier abode, where the soul of his father reposed.

It might have been expected that the young Sefi would have learned from adversity to

"Feel for other's woe,"

and to exult in the opportunities which his exaltation afforded him of doing good. But instead of that, when placed on the carpets, on which the ancestors of his race had sat (one being made for every new monarch), and when he saw his own—in conformity with ancient custom—placed over them all, on a stone table, and his feet affectionately kissed, he only rejoiced, while his courtiers wished him a long and happy reign, in the power which he had gained of making himself feared.

It was rumoured that shortly after his birth his hands were seen covered with blood; and this, as it could not naturally be accounted for, was interpreted by Shah Abbas to be an omen, that in the fulness of time, he would be a great shedder of blood. The dismal augury was justified by the result. Sefi caused an only brother's eyes to be put out immediately after his accession to the throne. Two uncles, Chodabende and Imanculi, who had been dealt with in the same cruel way by Shah Abbas, were ordered by Sefi to be thrown from a rock. "Being deprived of sight," he said, "they might as well die, since they were useless in the world." The wrong which they had sustained from his grandfather, and which, with odious care, he had copied, to the injury of his own brother, was made an excuse for putting them to death!

The mad caprice of the tyrant was as odious as his ferocity. He enjoyed agony, and made a horrible diversion of the misery he created, strangely mingling farce with murder.

The daughter of Shah Abbas, a celebrated beauty, had become the wife of Isa Chan. Poets loved to celebrate the bright attractions of her fair countenance; and the charms of her mind were not less the theme of praise. Her wit rendered her conversation one of the luxuries in which Sefi took most delight; and if any one,

while basking in the distinguished favour of a despot, might safely calculate on security, his lovely and accomplished aunt was that one. In conversation she was lively; and with the Shah—as restraint seemed unnecessary—she, on one occasion, remarked on the singular circumstance of his having no child by any of the ladies to whom he was attached; while she exultingly spoke of her own happiness in having already become the mother of three sons. She playfully enlarged on the subject, satirically glancing at him as the sole cause of his own misfortune, and without expressing a fear that eventually it would be necessary to place one of her children on the throne. Mirth on such a subject stung the Shah to the heart, and though at the moment he expressed no anger, the fiercest flames which maddening fury could wake rankled in his bosom, and he secretly resolved that the event which had been imagined should never take place, if it could be averted by treachery and murder.

He hastened to perpetrate the meditated crime. His three cousins were seized, and beheaded without trial. Their mother met the Shah at dinner as usual, on the day which had witnessed their death, unconscious of the fate of her offspring. He greeted her with smiles; and nothing in his deportment gave the slightest intimation of the dreadful deed which had just been performed by his command.

It was the custom of the country to bring the Shah's dinner in large vases, containing rice, on which the meat was dressed. In one of these vessels the heads of the three ill-fated youths, whom he had deprived of existence, were deposited, and when the unhappy mother least expected to look on so ghastly an exhibition, he ordered them to be severally lifted from the vase by the nose, while he mirthfully, but sternly, exclaimed—"Behold the boasted progeny of a woman who was vain of her fecundity! Let her look upon her three children now, and try how soon she can supply their place." Horror-stricken at the sight, she could not utter a word, but, accustomed to bow to the strange and cruel mandates of the tyrant, unlike the mother of Sefi, she disguised her rage and her despair, and, after a pause, threw herself at his feet, and seemed to kiss them, while she exclaimed—"All is well, all is well. God grant the king length of days, and happiness." He affected to recognise in conduct so unlike that of his own parent—so at variance with nature, an instance of sublime devotion, and she was permitted to withdraw with the flattering commendations of the tyrant, who held that a noble example had been set to the matrons of Persia.

The miscreant humour of the monster had not been sufficiently gratified with the butchery of his cousins and the misery of

his aunt. He had yet to feast his eyes on the anguish of her husband—that husband, too, who had mainly contributed to his unworthy exaltation. Isa Chan was sent for, and he, probably informed of the course which his consort had pursued, while gazing on the pale countenances of his slaughtered children, suppressed the indignation such a spectacle could not but inspire, in the hope of one day avenging it. He manifested no resentment, but seemed to think only of duty to his prince, "That what had taken place was the good pleasure of the Shah was for him all-sufficient. Had command to that effect been given, his own hand should have executed the righteous sentence, and he would have been the bearer of their heads to the royal presence. If such be the Shah's will," he continued, "he desired to have no children; had no wish again to become a father."

That, after a bereavement so dreadful, he had no anxiety immediately to see other children, objects of his love and tenderness, exposed to the violence of a cruel tyrant, may be easily believed. The rest must be only understood as dissimulation, for the purpose which has been glanced at. The thin disguise was seen through; he was not immediately doomed to lose his head, but it soon occurred to Sefi, that one who had been so fearfully injured could not with safety be spared, and Isa Chan shared the fate of his children.

(To be continued.)

THE EARTHQUAKE.

OMNIPOTENCE resoundeth through the roar
Of mightiest thunder, in the deep-ton'd
wind
That sweeps along the storm-encompass'd
shore,
And in each cave a thousand echoes find.
But chief in thee, O Earthquake! thou dost
tell
Of judgment past the reach of human
thought:
E'en in thy name such fearful myst'ries dwell
That with an untold horror thou art
fraught.
We hear of thee and wonder! Oh! thou
art
Invested with a dread which famine nor
Wing'd pestilence can own, or death's swift
dart,
Cleaving th' ensanguined fields of direful
war;
For thou engulfest cities, kingdoms spread
With desolation, burier of the living—dead!
L. M. S.

Reason for Drinking.—A gentleman having argued in favour of drinking, concluded with "You know drinking drives away care, and makes one forget what is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink in that case?" "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "if he sat next to you."



Arms. Ar. three bendlets, enhanced, gu.

Crest. A mermaid, with her comb and mirror, all ppr.

Supporters. Two horses of a chestnut colour, ppr.

Motto. "Crede Byron." "Trust Byron."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BYRON.

THE BYRONS appear to have held extensive possessions in Yorkshire at the time of the Conquest. Ralph de Buron, when the survey was made, held divers manors in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. Among those in the latter county Horsely is mentioned, in the park of which stands a castle called Horestan Castle, which became the chief seat of the early Burons. The grandson of Ralph Hugo de Buron, feudal Baron of Horestan, retired from secular affairs in the time of Henry I, professed himself a monk, and held the hermitage of Kersale, belonging to the priory of Lenton. He left a son named Roger, whose descendant, Sir Richard Byron, Knight, married Joan, second daughter of William de Colewick, of Colewick, in Northamptonshire, by which all his large estates came into the family. The grandson of this marriage, Sir Nicholas Byron, Knight, of Clayton, county of Lancaster, was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, who received the honour of knighthood from Henry VII, for the great service he had rendered in Bosworth field. He died without issue, May the 3rd, 1488, and was succeeded by his brother, Sir Nicholas, who was made one of the Knights of the Bath at the marriage of Arthur, Prince of Wales, November the 11th, 1501. On his death, 1503-4, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, who obtained a grant, May the 28th, 1540, of the Priory of Newstede, with the manor of Papilwick, and rectory of the same, with all the closes about the priory. His son, Sir John Byron, K.B., was succeeded by a son of the same name, who was also a K.B. He married Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Molineux, Bart., by whom he had a family of ten sons and a daughter. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, who represented the town of Nottingham in the time of James I, and the county of Nottingham in the succeeding reign. Faith-

ful to the cause of Charles I, he commanded the reserve at the battle of Edgehill, and in the victory of Roundaway Down, July the 5th, 1643, where Sir William Waller was routed mainly through the skill and intrepidity of Byron, who, at the head of his regiment, charged Sir Arthur Hasilrigg's cuirassiers, and after a fierce encounter, in which Sir Arthur received many wounds, compelled that celebrated regiment to retreat. Sir John Byron having given such distinguished proofs of courage and devotion, and six valiant brothers having followed the same loyal example, he was in consequence advanced, October the 24th, 1643, to the dignity of a baron of the realm, by the title of Lord Byron, of Rochdale, in the county Palatine of Lancaster, with limitation in default of his own male issue to each of his brothers. He married twice, but dying without issue, in 1652, the barony came to his brother Richard. This gentleman, one of the gallant colonels who fought at Edgehill, received the honour of knighthood from Charles I, and was subsequently appointed Governor of Appultry Castle, in the county of Westmoreland. Lloyd says of him, "he deserves to be chronicled for his government of Newark, and many surprises of the enemy." He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Viscount Chaworth; and at his death, November the 13th, 1695, was succeeded by his son William, fourth baron, who became husband to Mary, daughter of John, third Earl of Bridgewater. By that lady he had no issue. In 1706 he married a second wife, Frances Williamina, third daughter of William, first Earl of Portland, by whom he had three sons and one daughter, all of whom died unmarried. By a third wife, Frances, daughter of William, Lord Benteley, and by her who afterwards, in 1740, married Sir Thomas Hay, he had four sons, William, John, Richard, and George, and a daughter.

John, the second son above named, is celebrated in the annals of the navy. He served as a midshipman on board the 'Wager,' one of Lord Anson's squadron, and was cast away upon a desolate island in the south seas, where he remained for five years, and after enduring many hardships, at length returned to England and attained the highest rank in his profession. The peer died August the 8th, 1736, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

William, the fifth Baron. He was born November the 5th, 1722. He fought a duel with a Mr William Chaworth, in which his adversary lost his life (January 26, 1765). For this he was tried, in Westminster Hall, by his peers, on the 16th and 17th of April in the same year, and found guilty of manslaughter; but claiming the benefit of the statute of Edward I, he was discharged, paying his fees. He had married, March the 28th, 1747, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Shaw, Esq., of Besthorpe Hall, by whom he had one son, who was killed in Corsica, and two daughters. He died, May the 19th, 1798, and was succeeded by his great nephew, George Gordon, the late Lord Byron. He was the son of Captain Byron, the son of John, the Admiral, brother to the fifth Lord. His mother was the Captain's second wife, Catherine Gordon, lineally descended from the Earl of Huntley and the Princess Jane, daughter of James II of Scotland. George Gordon was born January the 22nd, 1788. He gained great fame as a poet, which was unhappily dreadfully interfered with through his weaknesses as a man. His history presents a melancholy romance, in which generous enthusiasm, fearful virulence, and mean pursuits, are strangely mingled. He undertook to engage personally in the struggles of the Greeks for liberty, and died from fatigue and excitement, April the 19th, 1824, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He married, January the 2nd, 1815, Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbank Noel, Bart., and co-heir of the barony of Wentworth (through her late mother the Honourable Judith Noel, eldest daughter of Edward, first Viscount Wentworth, and co-heir of her brother Thomas, second Viscount and ninth Baron Wentworth, a barony created by writ in 1529). By this lady his lordship had one daughter, Ada Augusta, born December the 10th, 1815, and married, in 1835, to William, Earl of London. Lord Byron separated from his lady soon after the birth of his child, not through any alleged misconduct on her part, but from his own wayward courses. On his marriage he had assumed the additional name of Noel before that of Byron. At his death the barony devolved upon his first cousin, George Anson, another descendant from the Admiral.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IV.—HIGHWAYMEN AND ROBBERS.

(Continued from page 200.)

THE want of an efficient police in the ill-lighted streets of the city and the rural and uninhabited lanes of the suburbs rendered outrages of the most serious description of frequent occurrence in London during the last century, and highwaymen and thieves were constantly committing daring robberies with the utmost impunity, and in the very neighbourhood of the city.

It will appear extraordinary to us children of the days of gas lamps, new police, and railroads, to hear that a "gentleman was stopped by two footpads in Holborn, and robbed of all his property," or that "a female was found murdered near St Clement's church, in the Strand." Equally strange will it appear to us to read of the depredations committed upon passengers by "the mounted highwayman who infests the fields in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell," seeing that in that particular vicinity the grass has long been covered with paving stones and the fields with houses. Yet such outrages were of frequent occurrence only a century ago, and that pilgrim must have possessed more than the usual degree of human courage who would venture to traverse the environs of the city unattended and after nightfall. So late even as the year 1772 the notorious Doctor Dodd was stopped, fired at, and robbed "near Pancras" by a single highwayman, who was executed for the offence at Tyburn, on the 20th of January, 1773.

Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, or "Sixteen-String Jack" were ever uppermost in the imagination of those whose business compelled them to cross the fields which skirted London eighty years ago; for then London was surrounded by fields, and not, as at present, by a mass of buildings the very counterpart of itself; and, notwithstanding the degree of confidence which a trusty sword at one's side or a brace of pistols in one's pocket are calculated to inspire, many a nervous glance or half-suppressed exclamation of terror did the distant sound of footsteps or the slight rustling of a tree excite. But, if the Strand, and Holborn, White-chapel, and Clerkenwell were considered dangerous, Finchley common, Hounslow heath, Epping forest, and Bagshot were absolutely impassable, for these were the notorious haunts of the most daring highwaymen and desperate robbers of the time. These were their strongholds, full, said tradition, of subterranean caves and places of ambush. Every tree was an object of suspicion, every bush was supposed to be the lurking place of half-a-score of robbers,

and the hardy traveller who dared to cross the haunts of these banditti after darkness had set in was momentarily affrighted from his propriety by a mysterious shadow or an inexplicable sound.

There were gentlemen highwaymen, flying highwaymen, and generous highwaymen. Highwaymen who took to the road for pleasure and for "glory"—highwaymen who had appeared at half a dozen different places in as many minutes—and highwaymen who, like Rob Roy MacGregor, levied contributions from the rich to bestow upon the poor. In short, the tales which were told of the mounted robbers of the eighteenth century were innumerable; each had some mysterious air of romance connected with his history, and each rode a bold-faced nag, and carried a brace of pistols.

In consequence of the daring of the gentlemen of the road, strange scenes were sometimes witnessed in London. The following may be taken as a specimen:—

The notorious highwayman, Turpin, had formed a sort of partnership with one King; they robbed in concert for some years, but the firm was dissolved rather tragically in consequence of a horse having been stolen from a Mr Major one Saturday night, which, through the exertions of a Mr Boyes, was discovered at the Red Lion, in Whitechapel, on the Monday. The brother of King went for it, was secured, and being alarmed, on being promised his liberty, told his detainers that there was a lusty man, in a white Duffel coat, waiting for the horse in Red Lion street. Mr Boyes went out to look, and recognised King, and attempted to take him into custody. King upon this drew a pistol and presented it at Mr Boyes; it snapped, but did not go off. Turpin, who was close by them, rode up, when King called out to him, "Dick, shoot, or we are taken, by God!" Upon this Turpin fired, missed the intended victim, but shot King, who exclaimed, "Dick, you have killed me!" Turpin rode off. King died a week afterwards. This remarkable affair occurred in Red Lion street, Whitechapel.

One MacLean, some years later than Turpin, was the great highwayman of the day. His gentlemanly deportment was extolled, and a sort of admiration kindled for him in the public mind; his crimes were gaily recounted by those who did not suffer from them, and the exciting tales told no doubt produced a crop of young aspirants to succeed him on the road and at the gallows. The ladies took great notice of him while he was in Newgate, and kept him well supplied with money. He finally made his exit at Tyburn, with the brief prayer, "O God, forgive my enemies, bless my friends, and receive my soul."

Those were the days when travellers

who lived what is now within a sixpenny ride of the city buckled on their weapons, and were armed *cap-à-pie* before they left London for their homes—when gentlemen who understood the management of a pistol little better than their horses, persisted in carrying at least a brace in each coat-pocket, and sallied forth brimful of courage, and with deadly thoughts of resistance floating in their brains—thoughts which quickly evaporated on the approach of a suspicious-looking horseman or a burly passer-by. Those were the days when fire-side stories all turned upon some midnight encounter with armed and daring robbers; when those old gentlemen who had returned in safety from "business" to their houses in the suburbs, shortened the long winter's evenings with lively tales of the (imaginary, of course) highwaymen and footpads they had encountered, ay, and put to flight, in the course of their homeward journey. Those were the days when old ladies might be seen, just as the clock struck eight, returning from "tea and scandal" with a friend, hurrying through the streets, carefully shunning some dark court or gloomy alley, and raising their little lanterns to reconnoitre a suspicious object, which, perhaps, turned out to be a handpost or a pump.

Exaggerated as were the fears of our grandfathers, they were undoubtedly far from groundless; and swords and pistols might be useful (provided the bearer had sufficient courage to handle them), when a mounted highwayman, or half a dozen footpads, were no uncommon sight within a mile of London—when "Stand and deliver!" or "Your money or your life!" not unfrequently saluted the ears of the passenger in the very outskirts of the town, and when suburban travellers were in a constant state of uncertainty whether a pistol was at their head, or a sword-point at their breast.

But highway robberies, although the most frequent, were scarcely the most daring offences committed in the town a century ago. Burglaries and murders constantly engrossed the conversation of the city gossips, till some offence of a more desperate (and therefore interesting) character occurred to give them an opportunity of discussing, and illustrating with their imaginative genius. Stabbing in the streets of London was no uncommon occurrence; and now the newspapers announced that "a man, whilst passing over the cellar flap of a house in St Giles's, was let down by the sudden opening of the flap, and it was supposed had since been murdered;" now, that "as a woman was passing through Whitechapel with a bundle of clothes in her hand, some ruffians holding a rope across the road, tripped her up thereby, and robbed her of the parcel."

Yes—reader, start not!—these extracts are taken from the newspapers of the time, and may be found in endless variety on every page and in every column.

Occasionally, too, “a hackney coach was driven furiously through the city, containing some motionless object, concealed by a black cloth thrown across it;” or “four men were noticed carrying on their shoulders a sack, which appeared to contain some heavy body.” And then follow sundry speculations as to what these “motionless objects” and “heavy bodies” could have been—speculations which usually terminate in the conclusion that they were corpses stolen from some graveyard, or perhaps purchased from the sextons, and being conveyed to the dissecting-room of a surgeon for anatomical examination.

How frequently the Dover mail was robbed during the last century we are unfurnished with the means of determining; but, judging from the frequent recurrence of the details of those offences which we find in the papers of the day, we may safely conclude that an encounter occurred on an average about twice during each night's journey. The particular mail we have mentioned was especially subjected to robbery; the road was bare, uninhabited, and gloomy, affording the utmost facilities for the depredations and the escape of the thieves; and many and desperate were the encounters on Shooter's hill—now the favoured, healthful, and picturesque retreat of those who covet repose—between bands of mounted robbers and the guards and passengers of the mail.

The princely style in which these highwaymen were wont to live may in some measure be conceived from the particulars which I have heard related of one Robert Martin, a famous mail-robber of his day. My informant was his wife's god-daughter, and she has frequently told me, that being in the habit of occasionally paying long visits to her god-mother, she was surprised at the magnificence which was displayed. A sideboard of handsome and costly plate, and the constant attendance of a footman during dinner, were among the indications which she enumerated of the possession of an ample fortune. Yet this man, in the midst of all his luxuries, was haunted and distressed by conscience. “I had often remarked,” continued my informant, “that Martin was in the habit of leaving his house at night; his wife used in vain to implore him to remain at home. I have seen her cling to him, and with tears in her eyes, exclaim, ‘Now, Robert, do not go! You know what all this must end in!’ but, disengaging himself from her, he used to depart, and I saw nothing more of him till the morning. Young as I was, this conduct surprised me, and I was at a loss to account for it; until my mother, having one day called to see

me, observed that whenever the servants were summoned to the door, Martin appeared fidgety and uneasy, and suspecting that something was wrong, she fetched me home; and a short time afterwards we heard that he had been apprehended, tried, and found guilty of a highway robbery. He was hanged at Tyburn, and his wife reduced to the greatest poverty.”

It has been observed that while petty larceny and swindling speculations have increased, crimes of a more serious and capital nature have diminished; we now seldom hear of highwaymen or footpads; burglaries, at least in the neighbourhood of the city, are of rare occurrence; and, thanks to the invention of gas-lamps and policemen, we may travel from one end of London to the other without meeting a band of “resurrectionists,” with their unlawful spoils from the churchyard and the burial ground. Let us trust that the march of honesty may stride on rapidly, and that the chronicler who records the history of the present century may have to notice a still greater progression in its morals, and a still greater diminution of crime.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

HISTORY OF THE TROUT;

HABITS, VARIETIES, MODE OF TAKING, AND THE ART OF BREEDING THEM.

AS ADOPTED BY G. BOCCIUS, ESQ.

(Continued from page 198.)

THERE are but two intestines in fishes, one corresponding with the small, and the other with the large, although the terms should be often reversed, as in this class of animals that which may be termed the lesser is generally the greatest, and the reverse. The liver is large, the size of the fish being remembered, and is situated before the stomach, covering it with its lobes; but in some, such as the genus *pleuronectes*, and where the abdominal cavity is short, the liver lies between the stomach and first convolution of the intestine. It secretes bile as in other animals, but all fish are not furnished with a gall bladder. The spleen is found in all fish excepting the lamprey. The lymphatics, from the liver, pancreas, and spleen, unite with the absorbents of the stomach and intestines, to carry the nutriment of the food into the circulation. The heart is situated nearer the head than in other animals, the space between the mouth and the belly in fishes being short: this organ is furnished with a pericardium. It has two cavities only, an auricle for receiving the blood from the veins of the body, and a ventricle for propelling it to the bronchiæ; as the heart of fishes consists of only an auricle and ventricle, it can only furnish one artery, which conveys the blood to the organs of respiration, the gills, and resemble the lungs. Thence it is

conveyed by numerous arteries over the whole body; and it is returned by the veins that pass the blood into the auricle by rather a small aperture, which is presumed to perform the office of a valve. Fishes are among the cold-blooded animals, but there is a considerable difference of temperature in them. Those which inhabit the sea are of lower temperature than the natives of rivers: the standard heat of fishes may be safely stated at 60° of Fahrenheit's scale for the fresh water, and 50° for the salt. The gills are the organs of respiration and are situated on each side of the neck; they are beautifully laminated and tufted for minutely dividing the water and extracting from it the air it mechanically contains, for without air the fish would die. Cuvier states that they not only act as respiratory organs, but also as hearts, giving a small impulse to the blood which flows through the aorta.

The kidneys are situated close, and are firmly attached to the vertebral column: their duty is to secrete water as in other animals, but the bladder, the common receptacle, is not found in all fish; an enlarged ureter supplying its place. The brain is small, but the cavity in the cranium is generally large, which is filled to some extent with a gelatinous matter in the *cartilaginous*, and by an oily fluid in *osseous fishes*; salt and fresh water is also found in the cavity, which is supposed to get there by absorption: from the brain springs the medulla oblongata, and the nerves, as in the superior animals. The organ of smelling in fish is much more complicated than in other animals; they possess olfactory nerves which are the first pair which arise from the brain, and are distributed over a laminated surface in the nasal cavity. Fish are supposed not to possess the organ of taste on account of the structure of the tongue, which is reckoned unfit for receiving the impression made by flavour. The tongue is without papillæ, nor is there a greater supply of nerves than to any other part of the body. The organ of hearing is without an external *concha*, as the sound is conveyed to them through the medium of water: the whole of this organ is situated within the head. In all fish the parts which constitute the organs of hearing are essentially the same, viz., membranous semi-circular canals, and sacs, which contain calcareous substances, either hard or soft, upon which the organs of hearing are chiefly spread; these parts are all filled with a gelatinous fluid. The existence of the sense of hearing in fish is denied by the ignorant, and has given rise to the following foolish couplet:

"If fish could hear as well as see,
No man could then a fisher be."

The generality of fishes have their eyes

situated on each side of the head, which prevents their seeing the same object with both; the eye is moved by six muscles, as in the human being; but they are not provided with movable eyelids; in the salmon and mackerel there is an immovable veil which projects a little way over the eye, at the angle; the eye does not possess any lachrymal gland, the animal not requiring any aqueous secretion for keeping the eye moist.

We now proceed to speak of the best mode of taking trout. They are caught with flies, natural or artificial, with small fish, worms, or cads. The rod to be used should be long and strong, and furnished with a reel or running tackle with a multiplying winch, and a line to which should be attached a No. 6 or 7 Kirby hook if you bait with worms or cads. These are the best baits during the morning or evening of the months of March, April, and May. Put on a few shots about ten inches above the hook, to insure the sinking of the bait to the bottom, upon which it will drag by the current; the number of shots will be regulated by the strength of the stream, and no float to be used. In still water the bait should be frequently moved up and down, or "roved," the term that is used with most anglers. The best worms are the lob, blue-head marl, marsh, or tag-tail worms. Put them into some damp moss for a few days previously for the purpose of scouring them, as the trout is a delicate feeder, and will reject a dirty bait. Care must be taken to cover as much as possible every part of the hook. The hook should enter about a quarter of an inch below the head of the worm, and pass along the body to within three quarters of an inch of the tail; but of course this will depend greatly on the size of the bait. In cases where two worms are required the point of the hook should come out where the hook stops in the single worm, and a second should be hooked, as in the instance of one only being used. When fishing stand as much out of sight as possible, and cast your line into the most rippling parts of the water. When you feel a slight tug, do not strike, but wait till you feel your fish has actually got hold, either by a strong pull or two slight ones.

When you have hooked your fish, if a large one give him line, and do not be in too great a hurry to land him; always be provided with a landing net or landing hook. These precautions are necessary for any sort of fishing. The minnow, gudgeon, indeed any small fish, is a good bait for trout, but the two named are the best. These fish may be hooked by the lips with a 6 or 7 hook, or by passing the hook under the back fin; the line must be shotted and the bait kept about mid-stream. There is an artificial bait called a *devil*,

which is to be purchased at all the tackle-shops; it consists of a piece of leather twisted up into a substance something resembling the shape of a fish, of about two and a half inches long, laced over with gold, brass, and silver thread or wire, and striped with various colours, the more brilliant the better. The tail is made of one or more pieces of block tin. To the body two or four or more hooks are lashed; attached to the nose of this bait is a swivel, to which the line is fastened, and by giving this bait a bend from head to tail it will spin or turn round as it is drawn through the water; the hooks attached to the devil should be No. 8 or 9. This bait is not of much use in a lake or quiet stream, but is reckoned a killing bait in rough waters. Fly fishing-rods are not made like those for trolling, being much more flexible at the top. The artificial flies used for taking trout are, for April, the thorn, yellow dun, and stone fly; the May fly in May and early part of June; and after that the black ant fly. July brings the wasp fly, August the butterfly, September the badger fly; the gnat is always said, during its season, to be a favourite fly for trout, but the baits of all kinds will in some measure vary in different lakes or streams.

Trout is not worth taking when out of season, that is, while spawning and for some time after. There is an old saying, "They come in and go out with the buck." When in perfection their spots are bright, the back is large and thick. The best for the table is the female, which is known by having a lesser head and deeper body. During the winter months the trout is sickly, and is very frequently what is termed lousy; the insects called lice resemble a small worm with large head. When the spring comes on, the trout increases in health and vigour, and visits the clear and gravelly streams, where he constantly rubs against the bottom to rid himself of the vermin bred during his unhealthy season. The most favourable resorts of the trout, and of course the places most likely for the angler to succeed in taking him, are as follow:—In small holes or under stones and clumps in shallow quick streams, always swimming against it; in cold waters; they congregate also in clear and gravelly-bottomed ponds where streams run into them.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

Peregrine Pultney; or, Life in India.

In 3 vols. Mortimer.

LOOKING on the work before us as a novel, it wants plot and incident, and has other deficiencies. The hero is a careless, bold, roystering adventurer, with a taste for banter and wagery. All this is allow-

able, and still he may be a very good hero, but the author ought not to add unnecessarily to the list of youthful failings. It abates the interest we might otherwise take in Peregrine's fortunes, when he is found too much addicted to tippling, smoking, swearing, cruel hoaxing, and savage revenge. These things may be in nature, but it is not in nature to love the youth in whom they abound, and therefore it is not to the principal figure in a picture, for whom it is intended our sympathies should be enlisted, that they can judiciously be given. The faults of the imaginary Peregrine we suspect, in some degree, attach to their author. From the careless, frolicsome tone in which he occasionally speaks in his own person, in terms not far removed from what is termed slang, "we calculate," as brother Jonathan would say, it is a young or at all events not a very old soldier that holds the pen, and that he conceives the licence he requires for himself, the writer of a book is bound to concede to his hero.

But on reverting to the title-page we have some misgivings. It is not there told that the work before us is a novel. The writer evidently means to take his stand on 'Life in India,' which he applies himself to paint, and in this he is no doubt entitled to praise. All old East Indians at Cheltenham, all Englishmen in India whose livers are not yet calcined, and all Griffins, old and young, from the sucking Griff, who has just landed, to the expiring Griffin who has been a year and three quarters of a day on shore, and all embryo Griffins at Haileybury and Addiscombe—nay, possibly Griffins unborn, will be likely to pore over these pages with eagerness, and devour their contents with advantage. For the simple English reader it would have been well had the dialogues been shorter and some of the delineations less minute; and we may just hint that a descriptive author need not be as flip-pant as an auctioneer, and should be careful not to multiply details till they become as dry as a catalogue.

Some of the school pranks of the hero are hit off with great spirit, and much power blended with humour is occasionally displayed. Our first quotation is a very clever sketch. It gives *Death* as well as *Life* in India.

"Did you hear," asked Mrs Parkinson, with a smile, "that Miss Dance is going to be married?"

"Miss Dance! only think—dear me!—well—well! wonders will never—and to whom! only think! Miss Dance!"

"To Mr East, of the Civil Service," said Mrs Parkinson.

"Well—well! only to think; a lakh and a half in debt, I believe—with only a thousand a month. That's a bad match at all events."

"Mrs Poggleton uttered these last words as though there was something eminently refreshing in the thought of Miss Dance's having made a bad match; and it is more than probable that she would have manifested her inward satisfaction still more palpably, if a servant had not entered the room at this juncture, and put a loosely-folded note with a deep black edge to it into Mrs Parkinson's hand.

"*"Bless me!"* exclaimed that lady, directly she had perused the contents of it; *"how shocking, to be sure!"*

"The note was in fact one of those dreadful undertaker's circulars, which are sent round to the principal houses in Calcutta, almost immediately an inhabitant dies, to inform the friends of the late Mr So-and-so, that his 'remains will be removed for interment,' from his residence in such and such a place at a certain hour of the same afternoon, and which frequently are the first announcements you receive of the death of some neighbour or acquaintance.

"*"Who's dead now, pray?"* asked Mrs Poggleton, who was too well used to the sight of these billets not to know their full meaning at a glance; *"who's dead now, Mrs Parkinson?"*

"*"Mr Collingwood,"* returned Mrs Parkinson; *"it really is quite shocking; he dined with us the day before yesterday—cholera, I suppose—dreadful!"* and Mrs Parkinson endeavoured to look quite overcome, but was not particularly successful.

"But Mrs Poggleton pretended nothing at all; she leant forward, held out her hand for the undertaker's circular, looked rather pleased than otherwise, and said, *"Dear me! if it is not the gentleman with that pretty carriage, I declare."*

"*"Small use to him a pretty carriage now,"* said Mrs Parkinson; *"the only carriage that he needs is a hearse."*

"*"Oh! but,"* exclaimed Mrs Poggleton, with more eagerness than she had manifested throughout the conversation, *"I have been dying a long time for that carriage, and now I shall be able to get it. What a nice thing to be sure!"*

The etiquette of a Calcutta ball-room may be agreeable to many English ladies. It is furnished by a spinster born in India, who has returned to her native land after completing her education in England.

"An Indian spinster is an Indian spinster, whatever her position may be. I am used to it now; but when first I came out I was constantly making mistakes; the English licences I took astonished my father and mother, nay, even my very acquaintance. A few nights after I arrived here, I was at a ball at the Town hall, and there was a Mr Darlington there—a civilian—whom I had met very often in England, as he was staying, during Christmas, at my grandmamma Poggleton's, and so of course we got very intimate. He is a very nice man, but I must tell you, Peregrine, that I should as soon think of marrying the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome, as I should him; and whilst he was sitting by me, between the

quadrilles, I saw a young ensign of a king's regiment, who had come out in the ship with me, and whom I particularly disliked, making his way towards me to ask, for the third time of asking, whether I was still engaged for so many dances. I was not engaged for more than two, and so seeing my dilemma, I said to Mr Darlington, *"Pray let me say I'm engaged to you for the third,"* and will you believe it, he quite stared at me. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he thought he had danced with me once. *"Oh!"* said I, somewhat offended, *"and once is enough—is it?"* Upon which he smiled, and said that he supposed I was not yet initiated into the mysteries of Calcutta etiquette; for that no lady ever danced with a gentleman more than once in the course of the evening unless he was going to be married to her. I looked very foolish of course, but never made such a blunder again, and was condemned to dance with the ensign."

We now take a peep at a Calcutta furniture shop; Peregrine enters it with his friend Jenks:—

"Julian Jenks, who, living as he was on his own foundation in the South Barracks, had seen at least twenty times as much of the Indian world as Peregrine had from the fine house in Chowringhee, seemed to know perfectly well his way about the bazaar, and to be acquainted with several of the dealers—as a proof of which he conducted our hero into a furniture-shop, and told him that he would find it necessary to buy several articles, and that he could not provide himself at a better establishment.

"*"With all my heart,"* said Peregrine, as he entered a shop in which chairs, tables, beds, couches, and other articles of upholstery were huddled promiscuously together; *"and what shall I buy first?"*

"*"Master buy plenty things,"* returned the head of the establishment, after making a profound salaam—*"master buy three—four hundred rupee things—tousand rupees, master, I sell."*

"*"I have no doubt of it,"* observed Peregrine; *"but first of all, what's the price of this bed?"*

"*"Master, I say proper price,"* replied the obsequious dealer—*"very cheap, master, I sell—that bed I say forty rupee."*

"*"Very well,"* said Peregrine, *"write it down—one bed forty rupee."*

"*"Stop,"* interposed Mr Jenks, *"you must not do that, my good fellow. Forty rupees! why I bought the very fellow to it for sixteen rupees the day before yesterday. Oh! you rogue!"*

"*"Nay, sahib,"* remonstrated the baboo, very meekly, *"I not rogue—I say forty rupee. Forty rupee that asking price—master say sixteen—master take—be good to poor man, master; buy plenty things, I sell. Mr Chank, he buy things from me; he know price, but very cheap."*

"*"Yes,"* said Julian, *"and very lucky for my friend that I do know the price. You see, Pultaney, that if you give about the third of what these people ask for their goods, you are pretty sure of giving too*

much. The "asking price," as this man calls it, is nothing. They never expect to get what they ask, for nobody ever thinks of giving it. Phillimore says, that the only way to annoy one of these men is to give him immediately what he asks, and he will go away cursing his folly for not having asked three times as much."

" 'Thank you for the information,' returned Peregrine, 'we do things very differently in England: but now, let me see—I want two tables—six chairs—a pair of couches—a book-case—a chest of drawers, and a washing-stand.'

" 'Yes, master, I show—all things got—sell very cheap—master buy all thing he want.'

" 'Yes,' said Jenks, 'you had better select everything you want, and then buy them all in a heap.'

" 'This was done accordingly; and in half an hour afterwards Peregrine had bought all the things enumerated above, besides a dinner and breakfast set—a great quantity of glasses—a butter-bowl—some dish-covers—a pair of table pedestals (*Anglicé*, candlesticks) with glass shades—a patent coffee-pot—a dozen table-cloths—a pair of decanters—a great number of dinner-knives (plate he had brought with him)—six dozens of beer, and a box of cheroots—for the whole of which he disbursed about four hundred rupees, and went home well-contented with his bargain."

We add a very graphic description of the outskirts of Calcutta.

"For two or three miles, after passing Chowringhee, where Julian Jenks had picked up his companion, the road seemed to the young gentlemen to lie through a bazaar, as densely populated, though not quite so confined, as that which they had visited a few days before. At first the streets were tolerably broad, and were skirted with houses of considerable dimensions, that had doubtless at one period been vastly comfortable abodes, but which now appeared somewhat out of repair. A great number of these houses were punch-houses or taverns, as was sufficiently indicated by the large staring boards appended to them, or the coloured flags waving over their portals; whilst others were houses of a still worse character, sinks of infamy of the vilest description. Along the streets were to be seen tottering onward, sailors, intoxicated even at that early hour, or unsteady from the last night's debauch—low Portuguese and East Indians, male and female—numberless natives 'of sorts,' Hindoos, Mahomedans, Chinamen, Arabs, and here and there, though at rare intervals, the flat face of the Mhug. Passing onward, the streets became narrower and the houses at their sides smaller—long rows of native shops now appeared, all open in the front to the street, and displaying their contents, which were for the most part of a scanty and one-sorted description, to the view of the passer by. Peregrine could not but admire the way in which they seemed to abstain from infringing on one another's conventional privileges, for there were no miscellaneous stores to be seen. Trade amongst them were

a multiform aspect, and dispersed itself thinly over a wide surface, for one man had nothing but brass pots in his shops, whilst another had nothing but earthen ones, a third sold turbans and nothing else, a fourth skull-caps, a fifth looking-glasses, and so on. The earnings of each man must have been small, but then they all earned something—there were no monopolies amongst them, and they all looked contented, and whether from principle, from prejudice, or from indolence, we know not, but they seemed to respect one another's rights, and without knowing anything about it, to have hit upon the true source of national prosperity.

"Mingled with these shops every where and there, a few paces withdrawn from the road, were some spacious but dilapidated edifices, principally of red brick, which, with their extensive porticoes and lofty columns, called to mind an age of by-gone magnificence, when Chowringhee and Garden Reach were not. In front of the shops and by the side of the aqueducts, which in some places ran along the road, were to be seen natives, men, women, and children, washing their limbs and their long black locks, which, unconfined, streamed over their shoulders; sitting on their haunches at the thresholds of their houses were others, submitting to the operations of the barber, or disentangling one another's wet hair, before twisting it up in the seemly knot behind, which gives to men such a womanlike aspect: whilst walking slowly along the street and staring wildly around, were some men, almost naked from head to foot, who, with their smeared and painted faces, and their loamed hair, to our friends, who had never before seen a Sun-yasse, looked like denizens of another and a lower sphere, roaming abroad on a terrestrial visit. Altogether the scene was novel and interesting; and in spite of the difficulty of getting along through so densely populated a locality, Peregrine Pultney and Julian Jenks were really sorry when they found themselves on a clear road, where *carhanchies** and *hackeries* were almost the only things in their way."

The Cathex.

ON THE MOAT-DRAINING OPERATION AT THE TOWER.

All utilitarians I hate;

And really I cannot see why,
Tho' obstructions removal await,

This moat they should take from the eye.

L. M. S.

The Town of Woolwich.—On every side the town of Woolwich is rapidly extending. The Londoners get to it now in half the time it formerly cost them to reach Greenwich; and it is constantly presenting some grand attraction to those who like to gaze on royal personages, military exercises, and aquatic spectacles. This week her visitors saw a King land on Tuesday; and the 'Boscawen,' a seventy-four,

* Native carriages drawn by bullocks.

launched from her dockyard on Wednesday. A new circus has lately been opened. With such a temptation—the 'Boscawen' for a star, its arsenal, common, and rich adjacent scenery, it will this Easter have a run upon it such as in former holidays Greenwich only could expect.

The Nettle, as a Fodder for Cattle, is much used on the continent, particularly in Holland, where whole fields are cultivated for this purpose; it is cut five or six times a year. In Holland the horse-dealers give the seeds to their horses to make them brisk, and to give them a fine skin; the roots are also extensively used for dyeing yellow. Nettles either eaten green or dried are considered by the farmers of the continent to promote the fat of horned cattle, as also sheep and pigs, and the seeds, when mixed with oats, are excellent for hardworking horses; it is a good food for poultry.—*J. McL., Hillsborough.*

Dramatic Writers.—The example of the Emperor of Austria, in granting to dramatic authors a per-centage on the receipts on each representation of their works, has been followed by the King of Prussia, who has ordered "that the writers of pieces hereafter performed at the two royal theatres of Berlin shall, according to their length, receive from four to ten per cent. on the gross produce of each representation." This charge is to be continued to the author during his life, and to his family for ten years after his death. Authors may dispose of their rights.

Authors of the Day.—"One great author has a fancy for conjuring tricks, which he performs, 'in a small circle,' to admiration; another would play at battledore and shuttle-cock till he dropped; another or two (say a dozen) prefer a *ballet* to any other work of art; one likes to be a tavern-king, and to be placed in 'the chair;' another prefers to sit on a wooden bench round the fire of a hedge alehouse, and keep all the smockfrocks in a roar; one poet likes to walk in a high wind and a pelting rain, without his hat, and repeating his verses aloud; another smokes during half the day, and perhaps half the night, with his feet upon the fender, and puffing the cloud up the chimney; another sits rolled up in a bear's-skin, and as soon as he has got 'the idea,' he rushes out to write it down." These, it may be presumed, belong to the Society of "Odd Fellows."

The Exhibition at the Louvre.—The catalogue of the Louvre for 1844 contains 2,423 works of art; and the exhibitors are 1,371 in number, of whom 200 are females. The works are thus divided—1,808 oil paintings, landscapes, and portraits, 348 miniatures, crayon and water-colour drawings, 133 sculptures, 24 architectural designs, 89 engravings, and 21

lithographs. Amongst the oil paintings and sculptures, 237 are on religious subjects.

Atmospheric Railways.—M. Mallet, the celebrated engineer, sent specially by the French government to examine the atmospheric railroad at Kingstown, states, in his report, that by the system all danger from accidents by fire is avoided, and from carriages running off the road almost, and a collision between two trains altogether prevented. It prevents the necessity of levelling the soil according to the present inconvenient method, and offers an economy of 140,000fr. a league, or 2,000l. British per mile. M. Mallet recommends the government to make a trial.

Cuper's Gardens.—In a song called "The Complaint," written in 1750, this stanza occurs:—

"In Cuper's gay groves what delights have I seen!

How cool were the zephyrs! the skies how serene!

The music, the fireworks, and all was so grand,

For ever, me thought, I admiring could stand:

But now Susan is absent, I cannot forbear,

But cry, 'What ridiculous trifles are here!'

Alas! all those rockets sent up to the skies,

Are nought to the fireworks play'd from her eyes!"

Let the reader cross Waterloo bridge from the Strand, descend the stairs to the left on the Surrey side, and advance nearly a quarter of a mile among the numerous small houses behind St John's church, and he will stand on ground forming part of "Cuper's gay groves."

Redmen and Blackmen.—There is something noble and striking in the Indian character irreconcilable though it be with advanced civilization and Christian influences. The Negro, on the contrary, is a domestic animal. The Indian avoids his conqueror; the Negro bows at his feet. The Indian loves the independence and privations of his solitude better than all the flesh-pots of Egypt; the Negro, if left to himself, is helpless and miserable; he must have society and sensual pleasures; if he be allowed to eat and drink well, to dance, to sing, and to make love, he seems to have no further or higher aspirations, and to care nothing for the degradation of his race.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to see one or two of the articles by "A Tender of Insects."

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